

MARVEL®
13th August 88

THE REAL

Nº11 38p
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Industries Inc.

GHSTBUSTERS™

WHO...?



WHY...?



WHAT...?



WHERE...?

FIND OUT INSIDE!





Are you feeling **Down in the Dumps**? If the answer is yes, then fret no more, issue eleven of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** is here to lift even the foulest spirits, and boy, there are some pretty disgusting entities crammed into the following pages! Oh, and speaking of lifting spirits, our intrepid heroes find that their very livelihood is at stake in **An Inspectre Calls**, when they encounter another Ghostbuster of the not-so-REAL-kind, one who is intent on stealing the show – and almost gets away with it. Spooky stuff and not for the faint-hearted, but if this is your particular cup of slime, you can now feast your eyes on yet another helping or two of phantasmal fun in **Ghoulish Gourmet** and **Ding Dong Dodger**, two new full colour books from **Marvel** in your shops now – at only 99p each.

We'd also like to say a quick hello to Perky Paul Ridgion who has been helping us out here at HQ for a few weeks. Hi, Paul!

CONTENTS

| | |
|---|----|
| An Inspectre Calls! | 3 |
| Spengler's Spirit Guide | 8 |
| Down in the Dumps! | 9 |
| A Day in the Life of Winston Zeddmore | 13 |
| Ghostbusters Fact File: Ghostbusters' HQ | 17 |
| Slime Time/The Mighty Marvel Checklist | 18 |
| Escapologeist! | 20 |
| Next Issue/Blimey! It's Slimer! | 23 |

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THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS



PETER
VENKMAN



EGON
SPENGLER



RAY
STANTZ



WINSTON
ZEDDMORE

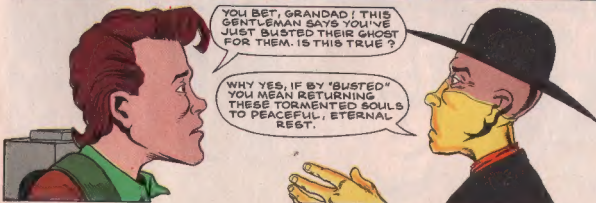


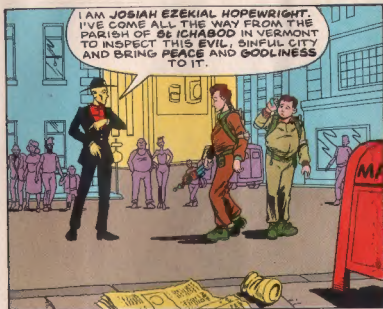
JANINE
MELNITZ

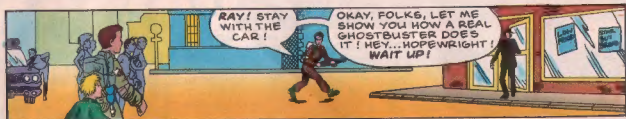


SLIMER

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

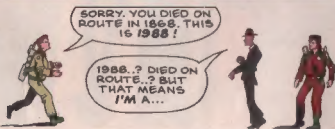








LOOK, I'M SORRY ABOUT THIS...I WAS JUST TALKING TO JANINE ON THE RADIO; SHE'S BEEN DOING A LITTLE RESEARCH...THE FAMOUS PREACHER JOSIAH HOPEWRIGHT LEFT THE PARISH OF SE ICHABOD'S IN VERMONT ALL RIGHT ...IN 1866!



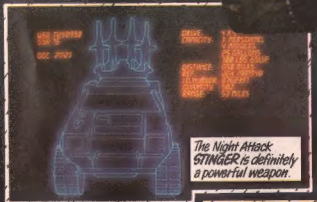
ACTION FORCE

★ STRIKER MEETS STINGER ★

Cobra, the ruthless terrorist organisation, has developed a powerful new weapon, the Night Attack STINGER. Who can defeat it? Action Force! Each member of this highly trained rapid deployment force is a military specialist. So watch out Cobra!

ACTION FORCE A.W.E. STRIKER

Action Force's All Weather Environment (A.W.E.) Vehicle is equipped with a roof mounted 70mm automatic cannon that swivels and tilts. Four-wheel suspension keeps things smooth. Engine is removable for repairs. It holds four Action Force figures and comes with driver, code name CRANKCASE.



The Night Attack STINGER is definitely a powerful weapon.



The Striker heads towards the STINGER - cannon blazing!



That surprised Cobra. But Cobra's got a bigger surprise in store! Two more Stingers appear over the ridge.



Action Force is in the middle!



*But the Striker outmanoeuvres them! **BLAM!** The STINGERS collide!*

YOU'LL FIND ALL THESE VEHICLES AND CHARACTERS AS WELL AS MANY MORE AT YOUR LOCAL TOY SHOP, NOW!

SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

GUIDE

Have you ever read Dame Hilary Quink-Palimpsest's book *Spirits With a Purpose*? You've got to read it. Her work on Activity-dedicated Repeaters is the most important stuff I've read since Anklecraft's *High-pitched Whistling in my Airing Cupboard*.

The Foxton Repeater

Activity-dedicated Repeaters are ghosts which reappear regularly at a set time and place and perform or re-perform a particular function, usually the job or errand that occupied the deceased at the time of death. They are, as she says, ghosts with a purpose. In the small English village of Foxton in the late 1950's, there were numerous accounts of a macabre white figure carrying a stick or club that appeared on the village green late on Sunday evenings in summer. Dame Hilary discovered that this was the ghost of one George 'Taffy' Tantivey, the infamous County Number-Two batsman and leg spinner, who had been 'Retired' for a duck by a near-supersonic googlie, delivered from the pavilion end by a visiting Ghurka side in 1911. Dame Hilary released the spirit from his torment of going out to bat ad infinitum, by burning the Foxton Club's stumps and scattering the ashes under the sight screens.

The Shankbury Phantom

The ghost at the market town of Shankbury manifested as a little, pale old man who would



PART 11

appear in midair on the corner of Quibley Street and spend over an hour floating up and down in a straight line. Research revealed that the ghost haunted the site of the Rumbington Department store, demolished in the thirties, and thus the ghost proved to be that of Walter Spode, the lift attendant, travelling up and down in an elevator that no longer existed. Once the ghost's purpose had been made clear, Dame Hilary organised the presentation of a commemorative tray by the Borough Council to Spode's widow in honour of his duty as a lift operator. This apparently appeased the sad phantom, who was seen one night to just keep on going up until he disappeared from view.

The Wokely Regular

This ghost was found by Dame Hilary haunting the

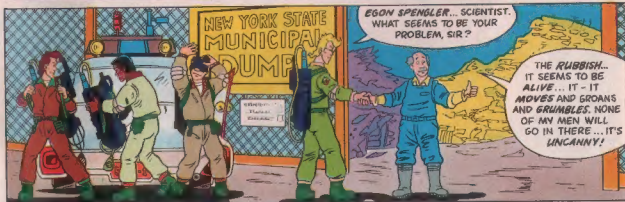
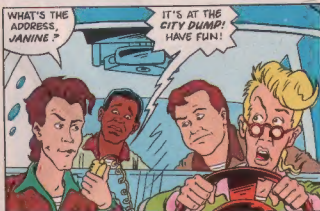
washrooms of the Palace theatre in Wokley on alternate Tuesdays. She ascertained it was the repeater of Gladys Nugent, a cleaning lady who's job had been replacing the loo rolls every other week. Purpose deduced, Dame Hilary organised the fitting of automatic tissue dispensers in the washrooms, thus making the spectre's fortnightly task redundant.

The Scronhampton and Blitching Aparition

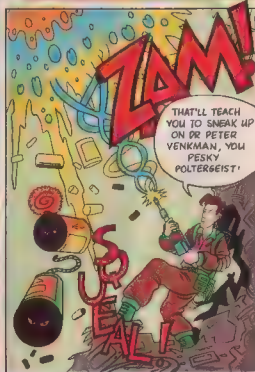
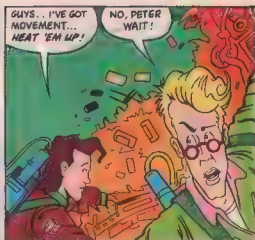
This ghost made regular appearances on Wednesday afternoons at the site of the long-since closed Scronehampton and Blitching Zoo and Safari Park. The ghost would appear eight feet off the ground, bent forward with a fish in his mouth. Dame Hilary deduced that this was the apparition of a trainer from the Sea-World-and-Giant-Fun-Aquarium, and thus was not so much a ghost with a purpose, as a ghost with a porpoise. Her 'cure' was to buy the land and have it redeveloped as a multi-storey car park and shopping mall.

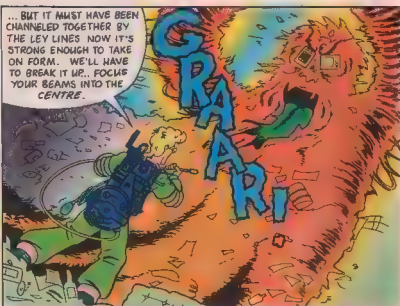
Dame Hilary's book shows her successful dealings with over one hundred and forty Activity-dedicated Repeaters. The main conclusion one may come to in relation to her findings is that she was a meddling busy-body who liked poking her nose in and spoiling the routines of ghosts quite content to carry on in their own sweet way for all eternity.

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

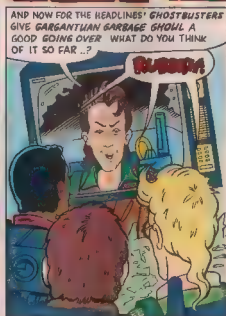








KRUTUNCH!



GHST WRITING!



Gee, our postman is really struggling now, but keep those letters coming in—I'm beginning to feel loved at last!

Dear Peter...

I think Slimer is so cool, why doesn't he wear dark, cool shades?

—Richard Ashton, Cheshire

Slimer, cool? No way! Besides he can only keep glasses on for a very short time as he doesn't have any ears to speak of, and it takes up a lot of ecto-plasmic energy to keep them in position.

What is your favourite pop group?

—Daniel Mellar, London

I like all kinds of music, Daniel, but I am rather partial to something gentle and soothing—such as heavy metal! My all time heroes are of course Metal Witch—now there's a band who's songs are really haunting!

Does Slimer ever have a bath and does he sleep in a bed?

—Joanne Howson, Sheffield

In answer to your questions, Joanne, I must say I've never seen Slimer take a bath yet, and in a way I'm glad as I can't imagine he'd clean the bath out after and I can't stand grubby baths, especially slime-stained ones! As for your second question, yes Slimer does have a bed, but I don't take his sheets to the laundry!

I started reading **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** from issue one. I love the humour, artwork and stories, but my friends tease me and say I am a baby. Why? Because I'm fourteen years old, but I think it's cool to be a reader, no matter what age.

—Richard Diment,

No-fixed-abode

Quite right, Richard, I read the comic and there's no question of the fact that I'm one of the coolest dudes around. Besides, I get lots of letters from fourteen and fifteen year olds and even one from a gentleman of seventy-one, so it just goes to show, it doesn't matter how old you are. As for your friends—bust 'em!

Hi! Well the main reason I'm writing is because I want to ask you where Egon got his *Tobin's Spirit Guide* from? I'd also like to know why Slimer doesn't get any smaller when he leaves ectoplasmic residue behind?

—David Watson, South Yorks

Tobin's Spirit Guide was given to Egon as a child and is largely responsible for the way he is now. That book has a lot to answer for! Apparently it was handed down through his family and is now very old and rare, so old that it's origins are no longer known. As for Slimer's size, he doesn't get any smaller because he crams so much food into that revolting, repulsive slimy body of his! Yeuk!

I've wanted to know for a long, long time if you've ever been to Britain? If so, why don't you make a strip of it?

—Johan Hari, Middx

We've not actually been to Britain as a team to work, but now you mention it, it's about time I had a holiday. The only problem with visiting your country is the weather, I'd prefer to go somewhere hot and exotic, somewhere that does a good line in sun tans, after all I've got my image to think of, however I'm sure Egon would love to do a study of all your particular species of fungi

Please could you tell Janine that I like her glasses!

—Alan Jones, Hull

Janine is flattered! Did you know that it is rumoured that Janine wears glasses not because her sight is bad, because she thinks they make her look intellectual and therefore more likely to attract Egon's attention?

Ghost Writing, Marvel Comics Ltd, 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2

WINSTON'S DIARY



Story **DAN ABNETT** Ⓢ Art **PHIL ELLIOTT** Ⓢ Colouring **HEL**

Wednesday, 3rd August 1988

Today's first call came from a Mr Anderson in Bangor, Maine who went on at length explaining that for a week he and his neighbours had been troubled by strange noises in their plumbing, feelings of dread in their storm drains and other peculiar manifestations such as fish in their washing-machines and instant torrents of cherry cola every time they turned on the bath taps.

So we all went to Bangor. All that is except Slimer, who was in disgrace after an incident involving a forty-dollar chinese meal, a two-litre carton of tomato juice and some M&M's belonging to Peter.

On the way, as Peter drove, Egon and Ray had a Very Interesting Conversation. This particular Very Interesting Conversation was all about the book Ray had brought along: Vondahuck's *Spirits and Wraiths of the Maine Waterways*. It sounds like a really great book. I must read it one day. Ray said that it seemed that the Anderson haunting was the work of Lesser Significant Water Sprites like the notorious Snub-nosed Kelpies of Nantucket, but Egon disagreed, saying that it seemed more likely that, due to Bangor's distance from the sea, it was the work of Semi-vaporous Fluctuating Water Elementals. Ray then said something to the effect that Egon was ignoring the Size/Ectoplasm ratio of this particular problem, to which Egon said that Ray was placing too much trust in Vondahuck's findings and that the book was of doubtful use. Peter said that he was sure that a big, heavy book like the one under discussion would have some uses, namely striking things firmly about the ears, as he would be pleased to demonstrate if Egon and Ray didn't stop having such a Very Interesting Conversation.

As you can imagine, we were all in a Really Good Mood when we pulled up outside Mr Anderson's house in Bangor.

Ray, rubbing his bruised ears, asked Mr Anderson to lead the way to the source of the problems. Man, that house was in serious trouble, I can tell you. In the space of a week, damp had risen up all the walls, a mouldy sea-weed smell had started coming from the bath, and strong, gurgling vibrations had shaken the water pipes from time to time.

Peter said that, in his considered opinion, what was really needed here was a plumber.

Then Mr Anderson showed us the things which he said were Much More Freaky than the noises and the smell. These Really Freaky Things included the four and a half gallons of ectoplasm that had come pouring out of the dish-washer the day before, the six-pound rainbow trout that had been found in his kettle, and the teeth-marks on the toilet chain that looked as if they had been made by a barracuda the size of a small horse.

We all agreed that these were indeed Really Freaky Things and were about to spread out and start a search when the gurgling started. If you can imagine the sort of rumbling a hippopotamus's stomach would make if he was really, really hungry then you might get the idea, but this was about four or five thousand times louder.

The noise was coming from under the kitchen sink, but as we ran to investigate, it went shuddering off along the pipes, howling upwards into the first-floor bathroom. It sounded like the whole house had indigestion.

Peter was the first one upstairs and went charging into the bathroom with a cry of 'Eat electric banishment, fish-face!' The door slammed shut behind him, and when the rest of us arrived, we found it jammed tight. We hammered on the door, but all we could hear was this terrible gurgling, the gush of gallons of water, the shriek of Peter's Proton gun and this Really Nasty Chuckling.

Suddenly, the door sprang open again and the three of us, and Mr Anderson who was standing just behind us, were sprayed with more high-speed slime than I ever want to see in my life again.

So we all sat there on the landing, dripping and smelling like a fishmongers, looking in at Peter, who was sitting in the exploded remnants of the bath, with the plug, on its broken chain, wrapped around his neck and the Gurgling coming from the overflow as whatever it was made off along the pipes again.

Peter was clearly in shock and would only say things like '...sort of herring but not so well dressed...eyes like those big pink beach-balls you get on summer camp...big pointy teeth like the forks in Janine's fondue set...'



Egon turned to us and made one of his famous 'I Am About To Say Something Intelligent' faces.

What he said was this: 'Sewer pipes.' Which as far as Egon's Intelligent Sayings go, must be one of the shortest.

Leaving Ray and Mr Anderson to get Peter dry and fix him a nice, hot cup of tea (which knowing Mr Anderson's kettle, would probably taste of peanut butter or shoe polish), Egon and I ran down to the basement. Egon turned to me and said 'Winston, it's my guess that we're dealing with a huurnnggnng...' The reason he said this was that it's very silly to turn and speak to someone when you're running down a staircase in a dark basement. When I'd picked him up and dusted him off, I stood in front of him to make sure he could tell me exactly what he meant in complete safety.

'Winston', he said. 'It's my guess that we're dealing with the notorious and hideous Big Gurgler of Maine. According to Windinbaum's *Nasty Critters of the New England Rivers*, the Big Gurgler usually inhabits only the upper reaches of the Penobscot River. As you know, Bangor itself stands on the Penobscot. It is possible that the sewer pipes and storm drains lead directly to the river itself, thus allowing our spook straight access to Mr Anderson's plumbing.'

So we levered up the cover on the Bangor City Water Department's inspection drain in Mr Anderson's basement and shone a torch down. It looked kind of nasty down there, but Egon insisted that we climbed in.

We'd gone maybe two hundred yards down the tunnel when I found the old sign on the wall saying 'River Outlet 400 feet east' which sort of proved Egon's theory. Before I could congratulate him, however, we heard the gurgling. Further down the drain tunnel, we could see these two glowing green eyes the size of dinner plates coming down towards us like a locomotive.

We both opened fire at once with the Proton guns but the eyes kept on coming. 'Winston!' Egon bellowed over the gurgling.

'It's slime must act as a defence! Our rays are just bouncing off it!'

'What do we do?' I howled back.

'I have one idea,' Egon replied. 'Let's run in the opposite direction as fast as we can!'

So we did. I guess 'Let's run in the opposite direction as fast as we can' was another one of Egon's more intelligent remarks.

We got to the drain cover in Mr Anderson's basement with the Big Gurgler right behind us. Ray and Peter were there with a trap ready and Egon yelled 'Proton rays have no effect! You'll have to hit it with something else!'

Which is exactly what Peter did. He hit the Big Gurgler over the head with Ray's copy of Vondahuck's *Spirits and Wraiths of the Maine Waterways*.

The Big Gurgler (which incidentally had pointy teeth, huge eyes like beach-balls and looked like a badly-dressed herring) was very surprised by this. The Big Gurgler had probably never been coshed by a two-stone volume of scientific reference before. The Big Gurgler let out one fearful, deafening gurgle that echoed down the sewer and blew man-hole covers into the air all across the block and then landed very neatly in Ray's trap.

So that's how we caught the Notorious and Hideous Big Gurgler of the Penobscot. Egon said that the entrapment was most unscientific, but Peter said 'Don't knock it, it worked!' and now intends to carry Vondahuck's book at all times, just in case.





Converted from an old fire station, the HQ building is both home and office to The Real Ghostbusters. The building itself is divided into three floors and a basement, the basement being used to house the ecto-containment unit. The ground floor holds the reception, the main offices and the bay for Ecto-1 and this is where the serious business of busting ghosts is organised. The second and third floors form the living area along with Egon's lab on the third floor which he practically lives in anyway. Fortunately, the original fire pole and alarm are still in service and prove to be most useful when immediate action is required.

SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your jokes! Send 'em to **SLIME TIME** Marvel Comics Ltd 13/15 Arundel Street London WC2



What is the first thing that ghosts read in the newspaper?
The Horror-scope!
— Duggan Knight, Surbiton

What do you call a friendly and handsome monster?
A failure!
— Astrid Lynch, Cheshire

What flowers do monsters grow?
Mari-ghouls and Mourning-gories!
— Graeme Wilks, Cambridge

What is a ghost's favourite dessert?
I-scream!
— Ka Woo Mak, Walthamstow

What do you call a wizard when he is travelling on his broom stick?
A flying Sorcerer!
— Anna Wright, Lanarkshire

What kind of crew does a monster ship have?
A skeleton Crew!
— Alex Meade, Surbiton

THE MIGHTY MARVEL CHECKLIST

TRANSFORMERS 177 This issue features part two of Bob Budansky's tale **People Power**, which includes the return of the greatest Autobot of them all: Optimus Prime! If the return of Prime isn't enough to make this issue a must, there's also the exploits of **ACTION FORCE**, and a dazzling cover by Jeff Anderson!

GALAXY RANGERS 7 Space war explodes as the Rangers lead a lightning raid on a pirate moonbase in **Winged Justice** by Steve White, Dan Abnett, Kev Hopgood and Dave Elliott. All-out action and some startling revelations for Commander Foxx make this an issue not to miss, and there's the added drama of **SILVERHAWKS** too!

THUNDERCATS 73 S-S-Slithe and the other evil mutants lure the Thunderkittens into a trap with the aid of robot decoys, in part two of **Bad Playmates** by James Rose, Jose Delbo and Dave

Simons. But the Kits can't expect any help from Lion-O and the others, as they have their work cut out saving the village of the Nai people from a Sea Dragon! All this, plus the text story featuring the fiendish, frightful return of Mongor!

FLINTSTONES AND FRIENDS 8 Truly crazy goings-on from Jellystone Park to Bedrock featuring Fred Flintstone misbehaving, Yogi Bear up against an unscrupulous millionaire and Scooby-doo... singing! It may be mayhem and madness, but if you can't beat them, join them!

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS 11 The fab four are feeling **Down in the Dumps**, only to have their spirits lifted by a not-so-REAL Ghostbuster who threatens to steal the show! Four great stories, plus all the usual frenzied fun!

ON SALE NOW!

**QUESTION: HOW MANY BEST
SELLING COMICS CAN YOU BUY FOR
THE PRICE OF ONLY ONE?**

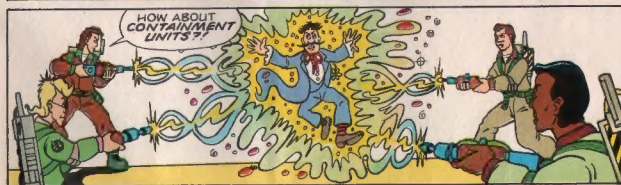
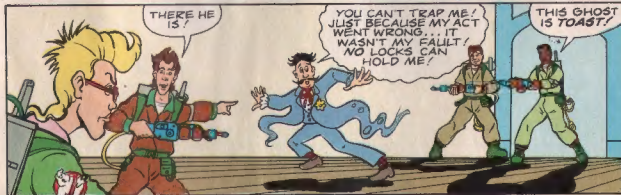
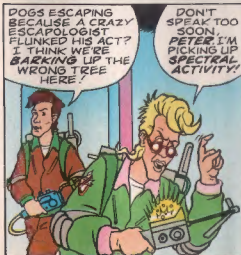
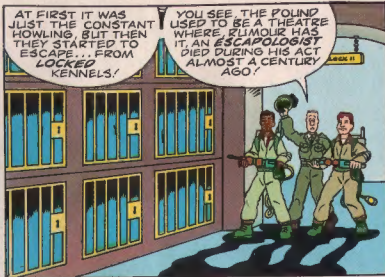
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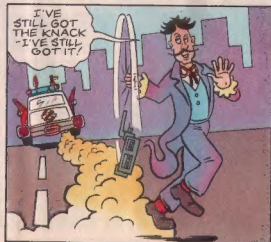
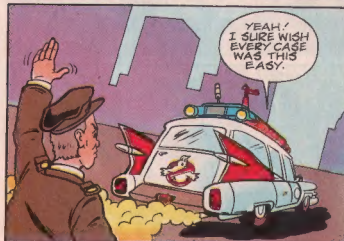
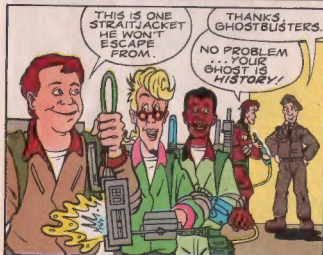


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